REMARKS

ON

Some Eminent Paſſages in the Life of

THE

Famed Mr. Blood,

IN A

LETTER

TO A

Perſon of Quality, written upon the occaſion of the

LATE

TRYALL,

Relating to his GRACE

THE

Duke of Buckingham.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Norris* in the Year 1680.

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ON

Some Passages in the Life of

THE

Duke of Buckingham,

IN A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND

IN

FRANCE.

Relating to his GRACE

THE

Duke of Buckingham.

LONDON

Printed for John Morris in the Year 1685.

REMARKS
ON
Some Eminent Paſſages in the Life of
THE
Famed Mr. Blood.

SIR,

Have endeavoured as far as in me lies, to ſatisfie your Curioſity, in reference to that account, which you were pleaſed to require of me, concerning the moſt memorable Actions of Colonel *Blood's* Life; a perſon who has given the world no ſmall occaſion of Diſcourſe: wherein if I have not had the happineſs punctually to anſwer your Expectations, you muſt impute it to my Juſtice that would take nothing upon Report and Rumours, but only what was Dictated to me from the Mouths of one or two of his moſt intimate friends.

His Birth was ſuch as gave him thoſe advantages that uſually diſtinguiſh a man from the Vulgar. For though Wit, and Parts, Courage, and Strength are not Hereditary to the Gentility, yet is it a great felicity to be born of ſuch Parents, as are above thoſe wants that deprive them of beſtowing the benefits of Education upon their Children; and ſo far from the reproaches of Poverty, that they are never ſpoken of by the world, but with a decent and becoming Character. Such were Mr. *Bloods* Parentage, ſerious, honeſt, and of no inferiour Credit, and Poſſeſſions in the Country where they lived. Which made them take that care, that their Offspring ſhould not degenerate from the vertues and repute of his Anceſtors, by forming and ſhaping his conditions according to the Rules of a ſtrict and ſober Education, which had that Influence upon him, as to preſerve him from thoſe Extravagancies that uſually attend upon mettall'd and active Spirits. Inſomuch that the Great people in *Ireland*, who at that time ſate at the helm of Affairs, thought fit to put him into the Commiſſion of the Peace before he was two and twenty years of Age. A ſign they had a good opinion of his early Conduct of himſelf, who made him the Judge and Puniſher of the Vices and Miſcarriages of others.

Nor did he fail their Expectations; for all the while he was in this Station, he won both esteem and favour of them who at that time were the chief Rulers of the *Irish* Nation, especially from *Henry Cromwel*, by whom he was look'd upon, as a person fit for employment and promotion. For indeed the main use which he made of his Authority was to assert and uphold, as much as lay in his power, the Protestant and *English* Interest in that Kingdom; in order whereunto he manag'd his zeal with that prudence, which was then look'd upon as a kind of wonder considering his years.

He Married in *England*, a young *Lancashire* Gentlewoman, the Daughter of one Mr. *Holcraft*, by whom he had several Children.

During his abode in *England* then the Stage of a Bloody and Rebellious War, he gave his Prince all the assistance his personal Valor was capable to afford him; wherein he performed several pieces of good Service.

Much about that time Colonel *Rainsborough* was slain at *Doncaster* by a party of Royalists that had made a Sally out of *Pontfraict*, then Besieged by Sir *Edward Rhodes* and the County Forces. This was done as the said Colonel was in his Inn, with all his Myrmidons about him, upon the pretence of delivering him a Letter from *Cromwel*. Their intention was only to have taken him Prisoner, and have carried him through his own Leaguer which he refusing they pistoll'd him in his Chamber and so departed. This being a bold and desperate adventure, Mr. *Blood* was by most people adjudged the Contriver and Associate in the Enterprize; but he having so frequently disowned the Fact himself, it would be a Crime to impute the Honors of other men, to a Valour that has no need of those shifts.

Upon the Kings Restauration, Mr. *Blood* returns again for *Ireland*. But being disgusted by some hard usage, which he thought done him by the Court of Claims, who made no hast to restore him his Land that had been taken from him; whereby he saw himself stripped of all, his Wife and Children sent a begging, and himself Outlaw'd. He went to the *Irish*, *Scots*, and discontented *English*, who being just ready to brake loose, and wanting a Head, were not a little glad of his appearance; so that they not only very highly Caressed him, but having a more than ordinary Confidence in his Conduct and Prudence, they made him their General, and surrendred their Obedience to him in all things. So that now become a petty Prince, he began to put his complaints into Form, and Method, publickly to throw his Declarations abroad, and to make his demands of redress. Which not being answered according to their expectations, they push'd forward, believing there was no better way, than to render themselves formidable, and by that means to draw their Enemy to a good Composition. In prosecution of which design they ran themselves into a Plot for the surprize of *Dublin* Castle. For which his Brother in law, Mr. *Leckey*, who was deep in the Confederacy, being at length taken, was Sentenc'd, and accordingly Executed.

In this Tragedy happen'd something of a Comical disturbance. There was at that time to see the Execution, which is common, a confluence of above two Thousand people. At what time a rumor was spread among the people that Mr. *Blood* was coming

with

with a Party to the reſcue of his Brother. The people no ſooner heard this, but, as there is oftimes a vain and idle Terror that poſſeſſes the mind of the ſilly Multitude, conſternated with ſome ſtrange fury that threaten'd them, they all ran and diſpers'd themſelves from the Gibbet. Nay the Executioner himſelf left his Station and took his Flight, believing that he ſhould be firſt aimed at, leaving the perſon that was to ſuffer, in the dreadful poſture of a perſon preparing for his untimely Death, the Rope about his Neck, and no body to do the Office; ſo that had any thing of reſiſtance been made, the unfortunate Gentlemans delivery had been eaſie.

This deſign was to have been put in execution the one and twentieth of *May*, the Duke of *Ormond* being firſt to have been ſeized. To which purpoſe diverſe perſons with Petitions in their hands were to have waited in the Caſtle, while about fourſcore Foot, in the diſguiſe of Handi-crafts-men waited without, whoſe buſineſs it was to trifle about in expectation of an opportunity to ſurprize the Guards. The Plot being diſcovered, 500 *l.* a head was proffer'd for the apprehenſion of the Ringleaders.

Mr. *Blood* being thereupon forced to flie for theſe things, made his Eſcape into *Holland*, where upon his continuance in thoſe parts for ſome time, he became at length well known to that great and Famous Admiral, *De Ruyter*, who, though the greateſt Enemy the *Engliſh* had, in reſpect of his Conduct and Succeſs, which many times put a ſtop to the Current of their Victories, yet had that generous kindneſs and love for a Nation ſo long in a bloody Competition with his Country, that he could not chooſe but frequently declare it to ſeveral, but more particularly to Mr. *Blood*, whom he was pleaſed to admit often into his Society, and honoured with an Entertainment anſwerable to that reſpect and affection which he bore the Nation of *England*.

To whom that great Admiral was ſo kind as to give him an account of his own Miraculous deliverance, which a friend of mine had from Mr. *Blood*'s own Mouth. Which was thus.

That renowned Perſon *de Ruyter* being born of mean Parentage, the greateſt part of his Fathers ſubſtance being two Horſes, with which he ſupplied the wants of his Family by the uſual labour of that Country, which was about two Miles diſtance from *Berghen up Zome*; it happen'd that both his Fathers horſes were taken from him by certain Troops of the *Dutch* Army, and carried to their Camp in *Flanders*. This loſs being ſo conſiderable to *De Ruyters* Father, who thereby ſaw himſelf and his Family totally ruin'd, he made haſt after them to the Camp, but finding his addreſſes fruitleſs by the delays and neglect of the Officers, he reſolved upon a more ſpeedy way of Reparation, which was privately to regain his own from thoſe that had robb'd him by a more juſtifiable ſtealth. And having diſcovered where his horſes were, he watched his opportunity, ſecretly conveyed them away, and carried them to a place ſomewhat remote from his own Houſe.

The Soldiers miſſing their Booty, and concluding the Owner had them again, returned in the night with an intention to have taken them away a ſecond time. But being diſappointed, in revenge they ſet on fire the poor Thatch'd Cottage about the Ears of the ſleeping Inhabitants.

In the Horror of this surprize, while the awaken'd Father, Mother, and Servant, endeavoured to save themselves by breaking through the Flames, with that care of Self-preservation, which is common to all Creatures, and which at the same time puts all the Faculties of the Memory and Understanding into a strange confusion, the poor helpless Infant, afterwards the Glory and Preserver of his Country, lay void of succour in his Swadling bands fast asleep in an upper Room. But the Mother now free her self, remembring the Danger of her only Darling, with a Masculine contempt of the threatning peril of the Enterprize, and assisted by that high Protection which saved the Children in the fiery Furnace, she threw her self through the Compassionless Flames into the house again, resolv'd to live or die with the only hopes and comfort of her life.

And so having broken through the Smoak and Flames into the upper Room she first threw the Child out at Window into a sheet, held by the Father and the Servant to receive his tender Bones, and afterwards jumpt out her self.

Thus saving from the Flames the Person, that was designed *Salamander*-like to spend the chiefest part of his days in Fire and Smoak. A remarkable Story concerning that great Person for which we are beholding only to Mr. *Bloods* Converse with him, as being quite omitted, or else unknown to the Author that published his Life in *Holland*.

Returning out of *Holland* into *England* he fell in with the *Fift-Monarchy-men*, resolving to venter all in the bottom of their Interest. He found them to be a bold and daring sort of people like himself, and their Principles so suting with his discontents, that he judg'd them very proper for his Management. For it was his Maxim, never to put his confidence in any that were not engag'd either by Principle or Interest to his Designs.

These people it is well known had laid a Design, not confin'd to one Quarter, but almost general all over *England*; it was said to be first contriv'd in the Bishoprick of *Durham* from whence the Contagion spread it self into *Yorkshire*, *Suffolk* and several other Countries in the West of *England*; between all which places several Correspondencies were held, and Agents employed under the binding Obligations of Oaths of Secrecy. Their pretences were the opposal of Excise, Subsidies, &c. to reestablish a Gospel Magistracy and Ministry, to restore the Long Parliament, and lastly to Curb the Gentry, Clergy, and Lawyers.

Sometime before this, at *London* sate a secret Committee, of which Mr. *Blood* was chief, to carry on some great Design, which he then had in his head (for I cannot learn that he was ever concerned in the Plot more than for his friend, as you shall hear anon) This Committee for their security, had always a private Court of Guard abroad, seldom less than thirty out a day. At this Committee all Orders were given out, all manner of Intelligence was brought, examined, and all things fitted and debated in reference to their Grand Design.

But as these seldom happens any Confederacy wherein there are not some false Brethren, two of their Gang, whether out of remorse, or for hopes of reward, had begun to make some discovery of this pro-

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ject at Court. But it happen'd that Mr. *Blood* who was always vigilant and active in his Affairs had got the Wind of these two Deserters, which was therefore resolved to prevent them if he could.

To which purpose he appoints to meet the two persons, whom he had more than reason to suspect, at a certain Tavern in the City, who were no sooner come according to their Summons, but he took them both Prisoners, and from thence carried them to a certain place of darkness, which they had found out and hired for their Conveniency.

In this place Mr. *Blood* very formally calls a Court-Martial of his own, and tries the two men for their lives; who being before such judges, were soon found Guilty, and Sentenc'd to be shot to Death within two days in the same place. When the time for Execution came, they were both brought to the Stake, and being without any other hopes, were forc'd to prepare for Death. But then at the very point of despair, Mr. *Blood* was so kind as to produce them a Pardon, and so releasing and giving them their freedom, bid them go to their Master, and tell him what they had done; and withal, that they should request him in the name of the Confederates, to be as favourable to his Soldiers, when they fell under his Mercy.

But it being impossible to hold out long in these mutinous courses of life, where nothing was acted, but by the Dictates of discontent, he betakes himself to a more safe and quiet way to get a Livelyhood. To which purpose he settled his Wife and his Eldest Son in an Apothecaries shop, where they liv'd by the names of *Weston*; while he himself turns Doctor by the name of *Ayliff*, and retiring to *Romford* practised Physick there for a long time.

By this time the Northern-Plot came to be fully discovered, wherein as I said before, I cannot learn Mr. *Blood* to have been any way concerned, but only in the Rescue of his Friend.

Upon the Discovery of this Conspiracy, several of the Confederates were Apprehended, Tried, and Executed. Among those that were apprehended, was one Captain *Mason*, a person for whom Mr. *Blood* had a particular affection and Friendship. This person was to be removed from *London* to one of the Northern Counties in order to his Trial at the Assises; and to that intent was sent down with eight of the Dukes Troop to Guard him, being reckon'd to be a person bold and Couragious. Mr. *Blood* having notice of this journey, resolves by the way to rescue his friend. The Prisoner and his Guard went away in the morning, and Mr. *Blood* having made choice of three more of his acquaintance, set forward the same day at night without Boots, upon small Horses, and their Pistols in their Trouses to prevent suspicion. But opportunities are not so easily had, neither were all places convenient. So that the Convoy and their Prisoner were gone a good way beyond *Newark*, before Mr. *Blood* and his friends had any scent of the Prisoner. At one place they set a Sentinel to watch his coming by; but whether it was out of fear, or that the person was tired with a tedious expectation, the Sentinel brought them no Tidings either of the Prisoner or his Guard. Insomuch that Mr. *Blood* and his Companions began to think their friend so far before them upon the road, that it would be in vain to follow him.

And

And yet not willing to give over an Enterprize ſo generouſly undertaken, upon Mr. *Bloods* encouragement they rode on, though deſpairing of ſucceſs, till finding it grow toward evening, and meeting with a convenient Inn upon the Road in a ſmall Village not far from *Doncaſter*, they reſolved to lie there all night, and return for *London* the next morning. In that Inn they had not ſate long in a Room next the ſtreet, condoling among themſelves the ill ſucceſs of ſuch a tedious journey, and the misfortune of their Friend, before the Convoy came thundring up to the door of the ſame Inn with their Priſoner; in regard that Captain *Maſon* had made choice of that Inn, as being beſt known to him, to give his Guardians the refreſhment of a dozen of Drink. There Mr. *Blood*, unſeen, had a full view of his friend and the perſons he had to deal with. He had beſpoke a ſmall Supper, which was at the fire, ſo that he had but very little time for Conſultation, finding that Captain *Maſon*'s Party did not intend to alight: ſo that he onely gave general directions to his Aſſociates to follow his example in whatever they ſaw him do. In haſt therefore they called for their Horſes, and threw down their Mony for the reckoning, telling the woman of the Houſe, that ſince they had met with ſuch good Company, they were reſolved to go forward.

Captain *Maſon* went off firſt upon a ſorry Beaſt, and with him the Commander of the Party and four more; the reſt ſtaid behind to make an end of their liquor; then away marched one more ſingle; and in a very ſmall time after, the laſt two. By this time Mr. *Blood*, and one of his friends being horſed, followed the two that were hindmoſt and ſoon overtook them. Theſe four rode ſome little time together, Mr. *Blood* on the right hand of the two Soldiers, and his friend on the left. But upon a ſudden Mr. *Blood* laid hold of the reins of the Horſe next him, while his friend in obſervation of his directions, did the ſame on the other hand, and having preſently by ſurpriſe diſmounted the Soldiers, pull'd off the Bridles, and ſent the Horſes to pick their Graſs where they pleaſed. Theſe two being thus made ſure off, Mr. *Blood* purſues his Game, intending to have reached the ſingle Trooper. But he being got to the reſt of his fellows, now reduced to ſix and a Barber of *York* that Travelled in their Company, Mr. *Blood* made up, heads the whole Party, and ſtops them. Of which ſome of the foremoſt looking upon him to be either Drunk or Mad, thought the rebuke of a Switch to be a ſufficient Chaſtiſement of ſuch a raſh preſumption, which they exerciſed with more contempt than fury, till by the rudeneſs of his Complements he gave them to underſtand, that he was not in jeſt, but in very good earneſt. He was ſoon Seconded by his friend that was with him in the firſt Exploit. But there had been ſeveral rough blows dealt between the unequal number of ſix to two, before Mr. *Bloods* two other friends came in to aſſiſtance. Nay, I may ſafely ſay ſeven to two. For the Barber of *York*, whether out of his natural propenſity to the Sport, or that his Pot-valiantneſs had made him ſo generous to help his Fellow-travellers, would needs ſhew his valour at the beginning of the Fray. But better he had been at the latter end of a Feaſt, for though he ſhewed his Prudence to take the ſtronger ſide, as he gueſt by the number; yet becauſe he would take no warning which was often given him, not to put himſelf to the hazard of loſing a Ghittar

finger,

finger, by medling in a buſineſs that nothing concerned him, he loſt his life, in regard they were forced to diſpatch him in the firſt place, for giving them a needleſs trouble.

The Barber being thus become a uſeleſs Inſtrument, and the other of Mr. *Blood*'s friends being come up, the Skirmiſh began to be very ſmart; the four aſſailants having ſingled out their Champions as fairly and equally as they could. All this while Captain *Maſon* being rode before upon his thirty ſhilling Steed, wondring, his Guard came not with him, looked back, and obſerving a Combuſtion, and that they were altogether by the Ears, knew not what to think. He conjectured it at firſt to have been ſome intrigue upon him, as if the Troopers had a deſign to tempt him to an Eſcape, which might afterwards prove more to his prejudice; juſt like Cats, that with a regardleſs ſcorn ſeem to give the diſtreſſed Mouſe all the liberty in the world to get away out of their Paws, but ſoon recover their Prey again at one jump. Thereupon unwilling to undergo the hazard of ſuch a Tryal, he comes back, at what time Mr. *Blood* cried out to him, *Horſe, Horſe quickly.* An Alarm ſo amazing at firſt, that he could not believe it to be his friends voice, when he heard it; but as the thoughts of Military men are ſoon Summon'd together, and never hold *Spaniſh* Councils, the Captain preſently ſettled his reſolution, Mounts the next Horſe that wanted a Rider, and puts in for a ſhare of his own ſelf-preſervation. In this bloody Conflict Mr. *Blood* was three times unhorſed, occaſioned by his forgetfulneſs, as having omitted to new girt his Saddle, which the Oſtler had unlooſened upon the wadding his Horſe at his firſt coming into the Inn. Being then ſo often diſmounted, and not knowing the reaſon, which the occaſion would not give him leave to conſider, he reſolv'd to fight it out on Foot. Of which two of the Soldiers taking the advantage, ſingled him out and drove him into a Court-yard, where he made a ſtand with a full Body, his Sword in one hand, and his Piſtol in the other. One of the Soldiers taking that advantage of his open Body, ſhot him near the ſhoulder-blade of his Piſtol Arm, at what time he had four other Bullets in his Body [illegible] he had received before. Which the Soldier obſerving, flung his diſcharg'd Piſtol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a ſtunning blow juſt under the Forehead, upon the upper part of the Noſe between the Eyes. Which for the preſent ſo amaz'd him, that he gave himſelf over for a Dead man. Yet reſolving, like a true Cock of the Game, to give one ſparring blow before he expir'd, ſuch is the ſtrange provocation and ſucceſs of deſpair, with one vigorous ſtroke of his Sword, he brought his adverſary with a vengeance from his Horſe, and laid him in a far worſe condition than himſelf at his Horſes feet.

At what time, full of anger and revenge he was juſt going to make an end of his Conqueſt by giving him the fatal Stab. But in that very Nick of time Captain *Maſon*, having with the help of his friends done his buſineſs where they had fought, by the Death of ſome, and the diſabling others that oppoſed them, came in, and bid him hold, and ſpare the life of one that had been the Civileſt perſon to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindneſs in the one, and of gratitude in the other. Which Mr. *Blood* eaſily condeſcending to, by the joynt aſſiſtance of the Captain, the other Soldier was ſoon Maſtered,

and the victory, after a ſharp Fight that laſted about two hours, was at length compleated.

You may be ſure the Fight was well maintained on both ſides, while two of the Soldiers, beſides the Barber, were ſlain upon the place, three unhorſed, and the reſt wounded. And it was obſervable, that though the Encounter happened in a Village, where a great number of people were Spectators of the Combate, yet none would adventure the reſcue of either Party, as not knowing which was in the wrong, or which in the right, and were therefore wary of being Arbitrators in ſuch a deſperate Conteſt, where they ſaw the reward of aſſiſtance, to be nothing but preſent Death. After the Combate was over, Mr. *Blood* and his friends divided themſelves and parted ſeveral ways.

And it was Mr. *Bloods* misfortune to ride all that night and loſe his way, nothing but blood and gore all over from Top to Toe, before he could get to his friends houſe whither he deſigned, and have the aſſiſtance of a Surgeon, which he there obtained. The reſt got ſafe in ſome few days to their ſeveral Sanctuaries.

However, ſuch was the occaſion of their departure, and the neceſſity of their parting without Complements, that ſeveral weeks were paſt before they united again, or knew what became of one another. Such a Coherence there is between the departures of Death it ſelf, and thoſe occaſioned by the fear of Death.

So ſoon as this remarkable Skirmiſh was over, Mr. *Blood* lay cloſe for a while, there being no leſs than three hundred pound ſet upon his head, for a reward to any perſon that ſhould apprehend him. To which purpoſe believing he could be no where ſo ſafe, as under the diſguiſe of a Doctor, he returned again to his old Sanctuary at *Rumford*, and there fell again to his former practice of Phyſick.

But whether his active Spirit were impatient of this Quiet, or that the temptations of Opportunities engaged him to new Enterprizes, he ſeemed now deſirous to repair the Damages of his loſt Eſtate, believing that they who either detained, or had diſpoſed of his right (and certain it is that he aſſumed to himſelf both Right and Title) ought to make him ſatisfaction.

To this purpoſe after ſeveral Conſultations and Deliberations with himſelf, Mr. *Blood* comes to Town, and having Muſtered to his aſſiſtance about five or ſix perſons more, in whoſe reſolution and ſecrecy he could Confide, it was reſolved at length that the perſon of the Duke of *Ormond* then living at *Clarendon*-houſe, at the upper end of the Street leading from St. *James's* Palace ſhould be ſeized, deſigning to make thoſe advantages of his perſon, which they had before concluded upon.

This Enterprize being reſolved, Mr. *Blood* with five more of his truſty Gang, being well Armed and Mounted, having ſet the Duke's Coach, upon the ſixth of *December*, in the year 1670. at night, and finding he was to paſs from St. *James's* through the Long Street to *Clarendon*-houſe with a very ſmall attendance, they ſoon ſecur'd the Flambeaus and Lackeys that carried them, and having ſtopped the Coach, and made ſure of the Driver, they forc'd the Duke out of his Coach, and ſet him behind one of the Company, who was not then to enquire what he was to do with a purchaſe of that value, having received his

orders

orders before, to ride through thick and thin with him, till he got to the place appointed, where they would not be long absent from him to have made better and more secure provision for his farther, and more private conveyance.

An attempt which might perhaps have succeeded, had it been made upon a person whose Courage and Valour were not so easie to be quelled. But those vertues meeting in the Duke with a strength proportionable; The stout resistance which he made, and the strugling with his Assaulters, gave them no small trouble, and the Duke, the leisure to have the News of the attempt carried to his House, which soon brought the Porter at the Gate to his assistance. The Assailants made away for *Fulham Ferry* where they got over and conveyed themselves to their places of Refuge where they lay concealed, though great rewards were proffered for their apprehension, and a Thousand pound particularly set upon Mr. *Bloods* head, which took no effect, till his next attempt discovered him.

Thus had Mr. *Blood* attempted several ways to repair the losses, which he supposed himself to have sustained, either from the neglect or permission of that Authority, which he thought was concerned to make him satisfaction. One Project yet remained, which he was certain would either make or marr him; if he escaped he thought himself made; if he failed in the attempt, he knew the Enterprize would make such a noise in the world, that he was sure to be another *Herostratus*, and to live in Story for the strangeness, if not the success of his attempts, and to make himself whole by the spoiles of the *English* Crown, which though it lay in a safe place, the Tower, he was resolved to fetch from its Sanctuary.

Having therefore resolved upon the fact, the ways of accomplishing the Design were duly consulted. And because such Enterprizes are not to be carried on without accomplices, he made choice of three or four more, who he knew would not flinch from him.

As for his own part, he put himself into the habit of a Doctor of Divinity, with a little Band, a long false Beard, a Cap with Ears, and all those other Formalities of Garb belonging to that Degree, except the Gown, rather choosing to make use of a Cloke as being most proper for his purpose.

Under this disguise he made it his business to get acquainted with the Keeper of the *Regalia*, an Old man; he brought several persons to see the *Regalia*, who were no unprofitable Guests.

He treated and caressed the Keeper at a rate not so much Expensive, as kind and obliging, by which means he had created such a familiarity, and intimacy with the Old man, that he took the Doctor to be no Wolf in Sheeps-clothing, but one of his greatest Friends, insomuch that the Old man having a Son, and the Doctor pretending to have a Daughter, the two Parents were upon concluding a Match between the young people, which had proceeded so far, that the Doctor and the Keeper gave each other the Appellation of Brother.

The day before the Fact was to be done, the Doctor came and informed the Old man, that he had some friends to go out of Town the next morning, to whom he had promised a sight of the *Regalia* that were in his Custody, and desired he might have the kindness to gratifie

ſie their Curioſity, though perhaps the time might be not ſo ſeaſonable, as being a little too early.

The next morning the Doctor and two more, having prepared their Conveniences of a Waſlet and a wooden Mallet, went directly to the Old man's Houſe where the *Regalia* lay, leaving one of their Companions to hold their Horſes that ſtaid for them at the Iron Gate.

The Old man no ſooner ſaw his new Brother, the Doctor and his friends, but he was ready to ſhew them the Civility which the Doctor had requeſted the day before; and accordingly open'd the Doors where the Treaſure lay.

It ſeems it is the Cuſtom of the Keeper of the *Regalia* when he expoſes them to publick view, to lock himſelf within a kind of Grate or Door with open Bars, to the end thoſe things of high value may be ſeen but not ſoyled by the Touch of ſo many people, as daily came to ſee thoſe precious Ornaments.

But the Doctor and his Companions were too quick for the Old man, and followed him ſo cloſe at the Heels, that he had no ſooner opened the Door, but they were likewiſe in with him. Preſently they ſeized the Old man, for whom, though he ſtruggled much to preſerve his Reputation and the Charge he had, it was in vain to make a long Reſiſtance, for they had ſoon put him beyond making a noiſe, as having received ſeveral unkind Knocks with the wooden Mallet.

One of the Company was for killing the Old man outright, but his Brother the Doctor would not permit ſo great a peice of Barbariſm, as being under a diſguiſe that would have rendred the Fact doubly hainous, had he added Murther to Robbery under the Notion of an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon.

Having thus got Poſſeſſion of their Purchaſe, they made flat the bows of the Crown to make it more Portable, and ſo having conveyed it into their Wallet, together with the Scepter, and Dove, they began to ſet forward.

But juſt in the nick of their Departure, a Son of the Old mans, who had not been in *England* in ten years before (ſo ſtrange a Providence attends the Diſcovery of great Crimes) coming to the Houſe to ſee his Father, and making enquiry where he was, was told he was in the Treaſury ſhewing the *Regalia* to ſome friends.

Thereupon out of a zealous Impatience of filial Duty to caſt himſelf at his Fathers Knees he flew to the Place, where he was ſcon ſurprized with a ſight, not more unexpected and amazing, than Sad and Dreadful to behold, his Father weltering in his Blood, and the Royal Treaſury Robb'd.

It was no time then to make unneceſſary Lamentations, which would have given the Criminals liberty to have Eſcaped, and therefore with a prompt and ready Courage, knowing the perſons again by their Habits as they went out, he preſently purſued them, put the Sentinels and other Soldiers upon their duty, by his Out-cries, ſo that although the Doctor and his friends made all the Reſiſtance they could, as it behoved them; yet all the Reſiſtance they could make was in vain in ſuch a place as that, for both the Doctor and his Accomplices were all taken, but he that held the Horſes, who fled upon the Rumour,

Rumour, and the *Regalia* were all recovered again, all bruiſed and battered, yet without the loſs of one Stone, unleſs it were one which was afterwards found by a poor Sinder-woman, and reſtored to the Keeper or thoſe appointed in his ſtead.

This Fact being made known among the people, and aggravated with the Murther of the Keeper, as it was then reported, made a great noiſe about the Town, ſo that Mr. *Blood* had received ſeveral Sentences before the particulars of the Crime were fully examined.

But the People not being the proper Judges of the Crime, Mr. *Blood* upon his Apprehenſion, was carried before his Majeſty himſelf, by whom he was examin'd with a Lenity and Moderation not to be parallelled.

It was in vain to deny a Fact ſo eaſie to be proved upon him; and therefore he thought it more convenient, and more ſutable with his Condition to appear with a reſolution, which perhaps would much better have become a nobler Act.

As the Paſſages of his Examination were known but to few, ſo they have been but to as few Communicated.

But 'tis to be preſumed that a man of his daring and adventurous Courage, was not wanting to himſelf in the juſtification, as far as lay in his power, of the offence which he had committed. No queſtion but that he made a full declaration of the wrongs, injuries, and loſſes which he had ſuſtain'd (and men in ſuch caſes will pretend to be the moſt proper Judges of their own Cauſes.) and the Diſgaces and Diſappointments he had met with in *Ireland*.

However it were, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to make him a propoſition, that could not choſe but be welcome to a perſon under his Circumſtances, by asking him this ſingle Queſtion, *What if he ſhould grant him his life?* to which Mr. *Blood* is ſaid to have replyed, *That he would endeavour to deſerve it.*

How or which way that could be, is a Secret, which it cannot be expected ſhould be here diſcuſs'd, but the Conſequences of the whole proceeding, which were his Pardon, not only for himſelf, and his Followers, or rather Aſſiſtants and Accomplices, together with his readmiſſion into his Majeſties favour were aſſured ſigns that he had given that ſatisfaction, which if they that received it were willing to accept no perſon elſe had reaſon to miſdoubt.

This is evident that ſoon after *Deſborough*, *Relſey*, and others appeared publickly about the Town, coming over from *Holland* and ſurrendring themſelves to his Majeſty. Which by whom ever procured, might be thought a good peice of Service at that time, when the two Nations of *England* and *Holland* being embroyled in open Wars, the Conduct and Advice of ſuch Perſons might have been of no ſmall prejudice to us, and advantage to the Enemy.

However it was publickly taken notice of that Mr. *Blood* was dayly with the ſaid Perſons at the ſame, at Mr. *White's Coffee-Houſe* behind the *Royal Exchange*, where they met in a Room by themſelves. So well and ſmoothly did Mr. *Blood* both then and ſince behave himſelf among thoſe, that are called the Diſſenting Party.

But as ingratitude is a Vice that reigns among all ſorts of Religions, and all the varieties of Opinions; it is not without good preſumptions

thought, that those very people, that in some measure may be said, to have ow'd their lives to his painful endeavours, have since been so unkind as to prove altogether off their duly merited acknowledgments.

What is to be said as to his late troubles there is little, but what is already in Print or the common Town-talk.

He says, or else it is said for him, that he was desired by the woman that keeps the St. *Johns Head*, or *Heaven-Tavern*, to come and speak with her at such a time.

That upon his coming to her, she told him, that two shabby fellows had been with her sometime before, to tell her that they had something of great Consequence, in reference to the welfare of the publick to reveal, but that they wanted a discreet person to manage it.

That thereupon Mr. *Blood*, made answer that if there were any thing fit to be taken notice of, he would bring them to those that had sufficient Authority to take notice of it, and thereupon promised to meet the persons.

That upon his second coming to speak with the Discoverers, they refused to speak with him, for that understanding he was the person with whom they were to Discourse, they aver'd they would have nothing to do with him, for that he was the Duke of *Buckingham*'s friend.

That thereupon, the woman of the House, that Mr. *Blood* might see she had not told him a lie, perswaded one of the persons to shew himself to Mr. *Blood*.

Who to that purpose, as he passed by stepped into the Room where Mr. *Blood* was, and going in, told, that he and his fellows had business of great concernment to discover, but could not then by reason of another appointment, and so concluded upon another day.

That Mrs. *Bradley* upon this came to him to his House, and told him she believed the fellows were Rogues and Trapans, and advised him to seize them and carry them before a Magistrate.

That Mr. *Blood*, weighing the Consequence of the womans advice, and being inform'd by her of their Lodgings according to the Directions of one Mr. *Curtis*, went to Doctor *Chamberlain* one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex*, and told him the story. Who thereupon not only gave Mr. *Blood* his Warrant, but accompanied him till the Execution of his Warrant.

That two persons were by him apprehended by the names of *Philemon*, *Codan*, and *Samuel Ryther*.

That upon their apprehension, and first Examination severally, before Doctor *Chamberlain*, they seem to wonder what he meant when he told them, he heard they knew of a Plot, and wanted a Magistrate to reveal it to.

That thereupon the Justice of the Peace told them all that Mr. *Blood* had told him concerning their Discourse with Mrs. *Bradley*, and their appointment of meeting Mr. *Blood*.

That to this, one of them, *viz.* *Codan* replied that it was about the Duke of *Buckingham*, who he said ow'd them several hundreds of pounds upon an accompt of Wages, and that they wanted some body that was able to Cope with him. To whom one *Curtis* standing by, replied, in these words,

How

How, did not I hear your ſay at ſuch a place that you knew of a greater Plot yet undiſcovered than either Mr. *Oates*, or Mr. *Bedloe* had hitherto made out? to which the ſaid *Codan* gave no ſatisfactory anſwer; and *Ryther* proteſted he knew nothing of a Plot, or any thing like it.

That to all this the Doctor urg'd, that it was not to be that any diſcreet perſon ſhould be ſo overſeen as to interpoſe between Maſter and Servant about Wages, eſpecially ſo great a perſon as the Duke was, and therefore that could not be the reaſon of their meeting at *Heaven*.

That thereupon one of them ſtarting up in a violent Paſſion before the Juſtice of the Peace ſwore, that he would be revenged upon the Duke of *Buckingham*, and that he would Swear any thing that could tend to the doing him a prejudice, and that he himſelf would Swear Sodomy againſt him.

That upon this the Juſtice of the Peace having told them that he neither did believe nor would hear any thing relating to the Duke, ask'd them joyntly, what was the reaſon they ran away at the ſight of Mr. *Blood* at Mrs. *Bradleys*. To which they replied, that they were miſtruſtful of him, becauſe they had heard he was the Duke's friend.

That thereupon Dr. *Chamberlain* taking them for impertinent fellows diſmiſſed them, with directions to conſider what they had ſaid, and to attend him at ſuch a time at his Houſe, where he would be ready to hear what ever they had to diſcover concerning any Plot.

That accordingly they came with one *Whitaker* and *Jenks*, where Mr. *Blood* likewiſe attended. At what time Doctor *Chamberlain*, asking them the meaning of their former ſhuffling ſtories, they replied they had a farther deſign to carry on for the good of the publick, but would come to no particulars. Whereupon Doctor *Chamberlain* diſmiſſed them.

That ſoon after Sir *W. W.* ſent for Mr. *Blood* to a Tavern in *Weſtminſter*, whither when he came, he found *Ryther*, *Codan*, *Whitaker*, and *Jenks* in Sir *Williams* Company: and what more ſurpriſed him, he found *Ryther* and *Codan*, in a Gentile Equipage, and Alamode accoutrements, whom he looked upon before as very mean Fellows.

That preſently then, Sir *William* told him he was very much troubled for the premunire he had brought himſelf into; for that *Ryther* and *Codan* were come to depoſe upon Oath, that he had attempted ſeveral times to corrupt them with Money, and other Rewards to ſwear Sodomy againſt the Duke of *Buckingham*.

That upon Mr. *Blood*'s making ſtrange of it, *Codan* ſtarted up and confirmed the ſame.

That thereupon Mr. *Blood* ask'd them how they could be ſo impudent, as to invent ſuch a thing againſt him whom they had never ſeen but once at *Heaven*, and another time with Doctor *Chamberlain*?

That thereupon Mr. *Whitaker* and Mr. *Jenks* ſtood up, and bid Mr. *Blood* be honeſt, and juſt, and Confeſs. To whom Mr. *Blood* repli'd, You that have been theſe two years laſt employed to Aſperſe me, and could you find no better invention than this?

That after this, Mr. *Blood* directing his Diſcourſe to Sir *William Waller*,

Waller, desired of him to know the meaning of the whole story, which was a thing so unknown to himself. Upon which Mr. *Whitaker* and Mr. *Jenks*, joyntly affirmed *Codan* and *Ryther* to be honest men, and prest Sir *William* for Justice.

That thereupon Sir *William* desired Mr. *Blood* very Civilly to put in Bail; to which Mr. *Blood* replied, that he would consider of it, and so for that time went about his occasions.

That the next morning he went to Sir *William's* House, for a Copy of his *Mittimus*, which at length was granted him.

That the next day he was met by a Constable, who told him he had a Warrant against him from Sir *William Waller*, mistaking a *Mittimus* for a Warrant, and thereupon he went away with the Constable to a Tavern where he continued under restraint of the Constable several hours.

That while he was under Custody, Sir *William* apprehensive of some mistake, as is pretended, sent one of the Witnesses to the Constable, to know how he had disposed of Mr. *Blood*, and whether he had carried him to Prison; Who made answer, that he had not sufficient Authority for so doing, and that Mr. *Blood* might bring him into trouble for so doing, as not having been carried before a Justice of Peace, as he ought to have been first of all.

That thereupon the Witness went back to Sir *William*, and not long after returned to the Constable, and brought him a Warrant to seise Mr. *Blood*, and for want of Bail to carry him to the *Gate-house*.

That upon that Warrant Mr. *Blood* gave in Bail before Sir *William Poultney* to answer the Accusation.

Upon which Accusation Mr. *Blood* with the rest were found Guilty.

The Verdict being given in against them, his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* lays a great Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against Mr. *Blood*, whereby he was forced for Refuge to the *Kings Bench*; where I will leave him until the next Term at which time I shall be farther Capacitated to enlarge upon this Subject; and whereas at this time I have acquainted you of things concerning this business only by Report, I shall endeavour to become a more nearer Inspector my self as to what may ensue upon the whole, that in all things I may approve my self,

SIR,

Yours ready to be Commanded,

R. H.

FINIS.

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